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NOTES ON CHINESE MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

HIS singular people have a very odd idea of music, which they call "the science of sciences," the fountain head whence all sciences," to others flow.

others flow.

"Does one seek to know," says an ancient Chinese author, "if a kingdom is well governed, if the habits and manners of those who inhabit it are good or badlet him examine its music."

It is impossible to fix the period when the Chinese, recognizing the natural relationship existing between the nature of sounds, classed music among the arts in submitting it to a regular and scientific system. What can be affirmed is, that from authentic documents, music has been cultivated in China as a science from a time truly immemorial, and that in the early ages of the monarchy it had engaged the attention of magistrates and sovereigns.

"Before Pythagoras, the Egyptian priests, and even Mercury himself," says M. Ginguene, "the division of the octave into twelve semitones was known in China, which they called the twelve lu, and which formed the basis of their musical system.

and which formed the basis of their musical system.

Like the Greeks, the Chinese have had their Orpheus, Amphion and Mercury, celebrated by their musical prodigies; they were named Lyng-lun, Konee, Pin-mou-kia, and flourished a long time before the existence of the famous singer of Thrace. It is to Konee that these words are attributed:

'When I strike the sonorous stones that compose my king, the animals come and range themselves around me and bound for very joy."

The Chinese authors attribute the invention of music to To-hi, the first prince. It was in gratitude to the Creator that they manufactured their instruments from the most useful products of nature; the skin or hide, of which their drums were made; stone, of which they made the king; metal, of which bells were made; of baked earth, the hiven; of silk, the kin and che; of wood, the ya and thhou; of bamboo, different flutes and the kroan; of the gourd, the cheng. There are several kinds of drums; the ya-kou was placed upon a stand without the hall of ceremonies; the pajou served to accompany the voice, and to soften its sonority it was filled with rice-bran. The king is an instrument composed of stones of a particular quality, which the Chinese gather up near the banks of the river see. Those stones have a sound between that of metal and wood. There are several sorts of kings. See. Those stones have a sound between that of metal and wood. There are several sorts of kings. The tse-king gives but one sound; it is formed of a single stone, and serves to give the signal for ceremonies. The pien-king was considered by the ancient Chinese as one of the most perfect of instruments. It was composed of sixteen the contraction of the most perfect of the contraction of the most perfect of the contraction of the most perfect of the contraction of th cient Chinese as one of the most perfect of instruments. It was composed of sixteen stones, of unequal sizes, each rendering a different sound, and comprising, in their extent, the whole musical notation. The performer produced his music by striking the stones with little hammers, almost the same as the glass harmonica is played.

The Chinese were the first people throughout the world that conceived the idea of casting bells and varying their sonority so as to produce all the variations of their musical scale. It is of the same mixture of metals that the Chinese have since made the tam-tam which has been adopted by our orchestras.

The hiven is an instrument made of earth; its form is that of a hollow egg pierced at one extremity, with five holes on each side. The tone of the hiven is grave and melodious. The kin and che are instruments with seven strings of covered silk, having the form of a harp.

Father Amyot speaks of the che with much enthusiasm, and assures us that there is not an instrument in Europe to compare with it—not even the harpsichord. The time when this French missionary wrote is far distant, and it is more than probable that, had he known the admirable pianos of Pleyel and Erard, the che would not have had his preference.

The tones produced by the che, say the Chinese, drive away the clouds which obscure the understanding and restore calm to the passions. But, they add, to reap all its advantages, one must be far advanced in the study of wisdom. Sages alone should play upon the che; others should be satisfied to listen in profound and respectful silence.

Wood was naturally to have an honorable place in the manufacture of these allegorical instruments. The Chinese made three kinds, tehou, ou and tehoung-ton. The tehou resembles a bushel for measuring grain. The form of this instrument has for its object the recalling to man the advantages of society. The ou has the form of a tiger in repose, symbolical of the strength of man and his dominion over animals. The tehoung-ton is formed of twelve little tablets, and is designed to perpetuate the remembrance of the invention of writing. The bamboo, which holds a middle rank between plants and trees, is, of all figurative and symbolical material, that which lends itself most easily to the formation of an instrument, requiring only to be pierced with a few holes to make a flute of it. The Chinese have three kinds of flutes, the yo, ty and tehe.

MUSIC THE TRUE LANGUAGE OF EMOTION.

MUSIC THE TRUE LANGUAGE OF EMOTION.

Thought may stay behind silent lips, but when it becomes feeling it runs to expression. So far as we can reason from ourselves, we cannot believe that the universe sprang out of thought. Thought would the have made this mighty expression of feeling—some influence motion that must fail that we made this mighty expression. Music is an illustration of the law of our emotions, and is the natural expression of deep feeling. When great crises fall upon nations, and oratory fails tegrif full vent to the heroic purpose of their heaving and so a battle-hymn sweeps the armies on to victory—the fiery glamour of the Marmies on the victory—the fiery glamour of the Marmies on th

heat becomes light; so emotion, of whatever sort, if entrusted to music, turns into joy. What a fact I Here is the world of humanity tossing with emotions—love, sorrow, hope—driving men hither and thither, and here is music ready to take these emotions up into itself, where it purifies and sub-limates them, and gives them back as joy and peace. What alchemy is like this? How heavenly, how divinel If, in the better ages to come, there still be weariness, sorrow, disappointment, delayed hope, may we not expect that this transmutation of them into joy which goes on here, will continue to act there?

of them into joy which goes on here, will continue to act there?

We are moving on towards an age and a world of sympathy, and sympathy is the solvent of trouble. If so there must be some medium or actualised form of sympathy, for there will never come a time when mind can act upon mind without some medium, and the art-idea is probably eternal. In some supernal sense, then, music will be the vocation of humanity when its full redemption has come. The summit of existence is feeling; the summit of character is sympathy; and music is the art-form that links them together—From The Appeal to Life, by the Rev. T. T. Munger.

THE CAMPANINI CONCERT CO.

TALO Campanini, the famous tenor, has blossomed out as a manager, as our readers already know. He will be in St. Louis on the 9th and 10th inst. The troupe, besides Signor Campanini himself, numbers such artists as Mme. Gerster, the favorite light soprano, Mme. Scalchi, the matchless contraito and Antonio Galassi, the great barytone, all of whom are so well and favorably known that no words of praise could add anything to their reputation. Besides these old favorites, Signor Campanini will introduce for the first time to a St. Louis audience other artists whom he considers second to none in their respective branches; Signora Torricelli, violin virtuosa, and Signor Corsini, buffo. The musical conductor is Signor Gore.

Hunkel's Musical Review

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Single Copy. -

AGNER'S widow having chosen Van-byk, the famous Belgian tenor name, at the next Bayreuth festival, a general howl has gone up from the capacious throats of the German pat-

riots, not because Van Dyk is incompetent, for his competency is unquestioned, but because he is not a German. Now, if this had occurred in Paris, our venerable colleague, Herr Merz, of Brainard's Musical World, would have had an editorial upon the subject, in which he would have demonstrated, to the satisfaction of a portion of his music class, the total depravity of the French. As the incident occurs upon the other side of the Rhine, we have no doubt Prof. Merz could demonstrate to his own satisfaction that the indignation expressed against Mme. Wagner is a righteous and wholly proper one. As a humble learner, we should like to hear from Prof. Merz upon the subject, and trust that he will not let anything else so engross his attention as to prevent his giving us a philosophical explanation of how geographical lines change the moral and intellectual character of the same actions.

GOUNOD AGREES WITH US.

E have, in these columns, more than once, expressed the idea that there was a great deal of misleading nonsense in the claims so frequently made, that there exists a definite national character in modern music. Upon this opinion we have based certain conclusions, not the least important of which, locally, was that the position taken by certain writers that America could not be expected to produce great musical works, because it has no folk-song, was untenable. We have, however, been more than once, good-naturedly, taken to task for our views in the matter. Not long since, a certain gentleman, who is thoroughly versed in musical literature, in discussing this very point with us, took the position, that he could always tell the nationality of any good composer. It so happened that on the piano, in the room where the conversation was going on, there lay an album of recently imported and meritorious music, and we asked an excellent pianist present to play four or five of the compositions forthwith, so as to test the reality of our friend's ability, to distinguish nationality in music. This was done, and the gentleman in question unhesitatingly pronounced the works those of a German author. The composer, however, happened to be a native of Paris, without, we think, one drop of German blood in his

our own. Mr. Theodore Stanton, writing to the New York Mail and Express from Paris in date of thorities upon subjects of this nature: "His daily January 22, details an interview he had with the French master from which we cull the following extract:

extract:

""You ask if Germany is better than France as a musical center for students. My honest opinion is that Paris is far superior to any German city in its musical advantages. And then, I dislike all this nonsense about German music, Italian music, French music, and so on. Geographical boundaries cannot hedge in harmony. There can be no secrets about this art. The laws that govern thorough-bass, counterpoint, fugue, are the same the world over. Rossini once said to me: 'I know but two kinds of music-good and bad.' Music is universal, it is humanity, it is love. Why, just listen to this'—and the great composer who had now worked himself up to a high pitch of excitement, pressed slightly on the top of his writing desk, which softly slid back a few inches, disclosing a keyboard. Then, throwing back his head, he began playing, with delicate touch, a delicious air from one of Rossini's operas, and, stopping suddenly, exclaimed: 'There, that is universal in its beauty. It goes right to the heart of everybody. And this, too.'

"Thereupon Gounod began singing in a soft musical voice accompanying himself on the piano.

"Thereupon Gounod began singing in a soft musical voice, accompanying himself on the piano, a favorite air from another of Rossini's works. It was no ordinary treat that I was enjoying—the author of 'Faust' interpreting the productions of the author of 'William Tell,' on his work-piano, in his private library, with me his only listener.'

The words we have italicised express our views

exactly. Not that we deny (nor would M. Gounod, we are sure) that national characteristics, in so far as they exist in the individual composer, as a part of his individual nature, will find expression in his music, but that we claim that when the composers of all nations are familiar with the best works of those of all other nations, the influence of all those works must be, and is, far more powerful than that of local surroundings in moulding form and in influencing expression. In a word, modern music is the true Volapuk, leaving room for the fullest expression of musical thought, but in a language from which dialects are fast disappearing.

JOSEF HOFFMANN.

OME perhaps sincere but certainly ill-ad-vised "philanthropists" created quite a ripple of excitement in New York by attempting to stop the Hoffmann performances by legal process. The boy was carefully examined by a commission of eminent medical gentlemen, among

whom was Dr. Hamilton, the celebrated authority on nervous diseases and mental derangements, and the members of the commission unanimously agreed that no injury resulted to the boy from his performances. Dr Hamilton says:

"Hoffmann's playing does not appear to cause im any mental excitement. It seems as if his him any mental excitement. It seems as if his musical talents are a special function independent musical talents are a special function independent of the other mental processes. You have heard or known of boys who, while possessing no other special talent and perhaps being even stupid, had remarkable ability in mathematics. So it is with Hoffmann's music. My attention was called to his eyes, which were said to be peculiar and show signs of mental strain. I found that the openings of the eyes were of different size, but that is simply congenital. His sight is perfect with both eyes, fully up to the normal standard. Josef has, of course, a highly nervous temperament. He would not be a genius if he had not. His daily work at the piano is not one tithe as hard to him as that of many children who are compelled to practice one or two hours a day."

In our article on "Musical Precocity," published

In our article on "Musical Precocity," published last month, speaking of Josef Hoffmann, we asked: 'If a child like young Hoffmann can in one and a half hours' practice, accomplish all they say he does, wherein is he more severely taxed than the less gifted child who spends the same time at-Now comes one of the lights of the "French school," Gounod, and expresses views similar to elementary exercise?" And now we get our answer any other musical journal.

from probably the most eminent of American auwork at the piano is not one tithe as hard to him as that of many children who are compelled to practice one or two hours a day." After this statement from a highly scientific neurologist, corroborating (as true science always does) the teachings of common sense, it is to be hoped that philanthropic cranks will be content to leave the custody of the boy where it belongs-with his parents, who certainly know more about the boy's health than anyone else, and may be fairly supposed to have as much affection for him as a lot of hysterical strangers.

Since writing the above, word comes from New York that, suddenly, young Josef has "broken down;" that an unknown medical celebrity, who bears the name of Baruch, has given his opinion that the boy must cease playing in public; that his father further thinks he (the father) is not getting, under his contract with Mr. Abbey, as large a share of the receipts as he should; that he has notified Mr. Abbey that his son should no longer play in public; that Mr. Abbey has brought suit againt Hoffmann père for breach of contract, and that the commission of learned physicians who first examined him have made a second examination of the child and assert that he is in perfect health. This is the status of things as our last form is about to go to press. Under the circumstances, our readers may wonder that we let the article stand as we wrote it originally. We do so, simply because the reported facts do not, in the least, alter our opinion. The action of Hoffmann, Sr., by whomsoever instigated, is a bungling attempt to break a contract which he thinks might have been more advantageous to himself.

Considering the risks he ran, Mr. Abbey, we think, made a most liberal contract with the elder Hoffmann, and at any rate it was a contract. There can therefore be but one opinion of the action of Casimir Hoffmann.

Now that Hoffmann, Senior, has found out that Mr. Abbey is in earnest and proposes to hold him to his contract, doubtless to the extent of enjoining any performances by the boy in this country under any other management, either this year or next, Hoffmann, Junior, will doubtless recover rapidly. If this occurs, it will be proof sufficient that the boy's trouble was in his father's pocket-book, where we firmly believe it is at present.

HE French Opera Company, which is un-derlined at Pope's Theatre for the week beginning March 11, is one of more than ordinary merit, if the reports of the press of New Orleans, where it spent the winter, are to be credited. A number of

works, new, or new to St. Louis, will be offered-"Josephine sold by her Sisters," "Hamlet," "Jerusalem." "Le tribut de Zamora" and "Charles VI." This fact alone ought to secure the troupe a liberal patronage. Of one thing the public can be certain: they will not be treated, as they have so often been, to the spectacle of actors "walking through their parts" in the stiffest of styles, for if there is one thing French opera singers know better than another, it is to be and remain en scene. We are informed that "popular prices" only will be charged. Of course, we reserve our editorial opinions until after the season, but, from all accounts, we are inclined to believe that our readers will lose a treat if they fail to attend.

Call the attention of your musical friends to KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, and thus do them a favor. The REVIEW gives more for the money than

JOSEF de RIBERA.

CHAPTER I.

INE o'clock had just struck from the old church tower of San Pietro, a little village about five or six leagues from Rome on the road to Terracino, and already windows and doors were hermetically closed throughout the town.

the road to Terracino, and already windows and doors were hermetically closed throughout the town.

It is the custom to go to bed late in Italy, but it was December, and upon that particular evening a terrible storm had broken loose over the Roman campagna, therefore it was around the hearth that they played the mandoline and talked of love, for, before the annexation of the Pontifical states the subjects of His Holiness had but little else to do. Since they have made Italy "one and indivisible," they have military service, taxes. etc., but, as a set-off, instead of obeying a Leon X or a Sextus V, they have the inestimable happiness of being governed by a scion of the house of Carignan in which madness and the throne of Piedmont have been hereditary for some time.

But this was long prior to the iniquities of Spoletto, Castelfidardo, and Marsala; in short, it was December 21st, 1602.

The rain was falling in torrents; the trees, tossed by the winds, shook their disheveled heads, twisted their limbs in the darkness and groaned like souls in trouble. The ground was almost flooded, every path was a brook, and the night was as black as a devil's frown. In the sky the thunder reverberated in terrible detonations, for the storm was exhausting itself principally over the village, which was lit up every second or two by the dazzling glare of the lightning. In the houses, under the thatch which the whirliwind shook, the old men were thinking, the women and children, on their knees, were praying to the Madonna. At this hour a poor child, bare-headed under the down-pour which caused his long black locks to cling to his cheeks, that were hollowed by suffering, without shoes to protect his feet, aching from a long tramp, clad, even in this cold weather, in only a pair of ragged breeches and a thin cotton smock, passed through San Pietro. He walked slowly in thedark, bruising his feet against every rock in the path. Bowed down by the storm should be over. And then, since he was very hungry, perhaps they would not refuse him mingled with the rain which ran down his cheeks; then some sudden clap of thunder resounding, or some flash of lightning scattering the veils of night as with the stroke of a mighty wing, would make him hide his face in his hands or would draw from him a cry of terror. Then, lifting to the sky his agonizing eyes, he said. "Oh! St. Mary of the Pillar, have pity upon me!"——Sometimes he added, more with the simplicity of great souls, than with that of childhood. "I will paint you such beautiful pictures, if you will bring me safe to Rome!"

beautiful pictures, if you will bring me safe to Rome!"

He has passed through the village, and the immense campagna, with its crazed trees, its flooded roads, its terrifying noises and its deep obscurity opens again before him. The last houses of San Pietro are already so far behind, that he doubts if he can get back to them, so great is his exhaustion. Then he stops and throws around him a despairing look; his legs bent and shivering, his shoulders bowed under the chilling rain, his knees knocking together, his poor little hands, numbed by the cold, hidden under his thin smock, almost dying with hunger, he stops and looks about him. But he sees nothing but thick darkness, through which, every moment, great, fiery serpents dart; he feels he is exhausted, and addresses a last prayer to the Madonna.

As if Our Lady of the Pillar had heard and miraculously granted his prayer, he sees suddenly, only a few steps away. a slender thread of light which shines through the ill-fitted planks of a door. He drags himself to the threshold and is about to knock, when the shame which had before prevented him, again arrests his knock. He looks through the shining crack and sees alarge room and, seated in a large arm chair an old man caressing dreamly

as he himself is weak and stunted. On the hearthstone, before the fire-place, where a great fire is burning, two younger children are playing and teasing a large dog, who looks good humored and bored, while, standing near and behind the three friends, is a beautiful young woman, wearing the picturesque costume of the Transtevera, who follows all their movements, with a solicitude which reveals the mother. Finally, not far from the fire-place, under the ray of a little lamp which burns before a plaster Madonna, a man about forty years old is industriously burnishing the copper barrel of a long blunderbuss. This peaceful home scene, truly worthy of the brush of a master, impressed the child, who, forgetting the rain which pierced him through and through, his hunger and his fatigue, stopped a moment to look upon it with an artist's eye. But a painful contraction of the stomach, one of those piercing pains which pecede unconscionsness, recalled him to reality. But he he he is about to stretch out his hand for alms! Oh! if his father were to see him! What would the old Caballero say? But he feels he is about to die, he hears strange noises, it seems to him that the house is moving that it turns and as he himself is weak and stunted. On the hearththe is about to die, he hears strange noises, it seems to him that the house is moving, that it turns and drags him with it. He understands that these are the first symptoms of death. He knocks and with

the first symptoms of death. He knocks and with beating heart and blushing brow, he waits.

Suddenly the door opens and the burnisher of the blunderbuss appears upon the threshold.

"Who is there?" savs he, and seeing the child whom his deep voice has rendered dumb, he asks curtly: "Who are you! What do you want?"

"My name is Josef de Ribera," answered he, trembling now. not only with cold but with fear.

"I came from Xantiva, in Spain, and I would like to come in, my good sir; it is so cold!"

The subjects of His Holiness were not very friendly towards the Spaniards, in the year of grace 1602; therefore the Italian said to him: "Giuseppe has neither fire nor shelter for the enemies of his country! Go to Naples, you little scamp, there you will find others like you!" And he shut the door sharply, pushing away the poor little one, who, with a faint cry, fell senseless on the threshold of the inhospitable house.

CHAPTER II.

When he recovered consciousness, Ribera was lying upon the large hearthstone, his head on the knees of the young woman, who was opening his fingers, stiffened by the cold, and holding his hands towards the fire. Good clothing had already taken the place of his soaked rags and the old man, the children and Giuseppe himself were looking at him with auxiety. His eyes fell first upon the energetic countenance of the Italian; he shrank back in terror, and turned his head to escape from whathe at first took to be an evil phantom. The young

countenance of the Italian; he shrank back in terror, and turned his head to escape from what he at first took to be an evil phantom. The young woman pressed him tenderly to her beast, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Fear nothing, poveretto; Giuseppe will not hurt you; and then, I am here!" "Of course, I wont hurt you!" murmured the man, who appeared to be sincerely sorry for his late brutality.

"Hush!" said the young mother, severely; "Your voice frightens him!"... Then to the child: "Be not afraid, mio carissimo thou shalt have this evening a good bed and a good supper; the storm is abating and to-morrow there will be no traces of it; thou shalt play all the day with Nino, Pietro and Geronimo; if thou wilt, thou mayest stay with us always. I will be thy mother, and I will love thee well, thou wilt see..." And she kissed him with the tenderness of a real mother."

"Good! Marta, good, my daughter!" said the grandfather, leaning upon the arm of his chair, while a tear of affection trembled in the corner of his eye.

"Ab! the women are always better than we man!"

white a total his eye.

"Ah! the women are always better than we men! If they see a child suffer they at once think of their own, and, no matter what be the flag of his country, pity moves their heart and calls for charity."

Soon the little stranger was entirely restored.

about him. But he sees nothing but thick darkness, through which, every moment, great, fiery serpents dart; he feels he is exhausted, and addresses a last prayer to the Madonna.

As if Our Lady of the Pillar had heard and miraculously granted his prayer, he sees suddenly, only a few steps away. a slender thread of light which shines through the ill-fitted planks of a door. He drags himself to the threshold and is about to knock, when the shame which had before prevented him, again arrests his knock. He looks through the shining crack and sees a large room and, seated in a large arm chair, an old man caressing dreamily the brown head of a boy of about his own age (fourteen or fifteen years) but as strong and large

at him. At last, Marta, curious, as are all the daughters of Eve, seated herself before the little Spaniard, and affectionately taking his hands, asked him how it was that he, so young, was already so far from his native land, and alone upon the road to Rome on such a night.

Ribera then told her that he was the youngest son of a very noble, but very poor hidalgo of Xantiva, near San Felipo, in Andalusia; that having seen the paintings of Herrera and Francisco Pacheco, he had resolved to make some like them, and to become, like them, a great artist; that at first his father was unwilling, but that after much begging, he at last consented. He had worked for several months in the studio of Pacheco, when his elder brother obtained a captain's commission in a cavalry company, then at Naples. He had obtained his father's permission to accompany his brother to Sicily, where the latter had undertaken to secure his admission to the studio of some great painter, and from there he intended to go to Rome to finish his studies. But his brother, immediately upon his arrival in Sicily found himself obliged to go with his company into Calabria. Finding himself thus alone in Naples, he had set out for Rome where there were so many beautiful paintings to admire, so many great masters.

"But how hast thou managed to live on this long journey?" interrupted the daughter of the Transtevera, more impressed by material wants than the feeling of admiration, that should have been called forth by the child whom his chosen profession had carried so far from the paternal roof, at so tender an age.

"My brother," said he, "had given me when leaving all the more when each and given me when leaving all the more when each and given me when leaving all the more when each and given me when

carried so far from the paternal roof, at so tender an age.

"My brother," said he, "had given me when leaving, all the money he could spare at the opening of a campaign. Unfortunately, it was very little, but I had a beautiful green doublet of Segovia cloth, two good pairs of yellow stockings of Guadalojarra tweed, and a handsome red velvet skull-cap!"

"Jesu!" said the Italian, clasping her hands and looking at him with more respect "you must have looked like a real little prince with yellow stockings, a green doublet and a red velvet cap...."

cap. "
Ribera smiled faintly with gratified vanity and continued "At first I spent the money, then I exchanged my doublet and hose for the clothes I now and got a few maoli to boot; then I sold my changed my doublet and hose for the clothes I now wear, and got a few paoli to boot; then I sold my cap, which gave me means to get to Velletri. It is only since yesterday that I have been absolutely without anything . . . that I have had nothing to eat." Upon recollecting this, he gave vent to a kind of convulsive sob, for the poor boy had cruelly suffered . . . In conclusion he said, in a brave tone—which faltered somewhat towards the end: "All the same, had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without having to beg!"

"Then you are not willing to stay with us?"

"Oh! no!" said Ribera, with sparkling eyes;" I am only five leagues from Rome, I will set out tomorrow."

That the same had it the while the same is the same had save the same had it will be stored to the same had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without having to beg!"

"That the same had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without having the same had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without having to beg!"

"They was a sittle while the same had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without having to beg!"

"They was a sittle while the same had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without having the same had it not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without had not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without had not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without had not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without had not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without had not been for this violent storm, I should have gotten to Rome without had not should have gotten to Rome."

am only nive leagues from Rome, I will set out tomorrow."

They talked yet a little while, then, as the hour
was late, and as Marta supposed her little guest
was in great need of rest, they went to bed. It
was Giuseppe who took him to his bed, and who
showed him all those little attentions which make
a mother so precious to a child at that hour.
When about to go out, he leaned over the young
traveler's bed and with some embarrassment said
to him: "You are no longer vexed with me, are
you, nor afraid. . . ."

"Oh! no!" said Ribera taking his hand and
pressing it with grateful affection.

"Thank you! That's better. . ." said Giuseppe
re-arranging the covering, which the movements
of the boy had disturbed. "It is my profession,
you see, that makes me slow to open my door, at
night specially!

"Why, what is it you do?" asked Ribera candidly.

"Lame skirberate" (briggend) answered the Italian

"I am a birbante," (brigand) answered the Italian as quietly as though he had said, avvocato or abbate, and in fact, in the Roman campagna as well as in the Pontine marshes, the brigands are in no respect like the brigands of other countries; generally they are good heads of families, good citizens and good Christians, breaking only one of the ten commandments!...

How many people, thought very highly of in the world, are there who break nine out of ten!

Nevertheless, when the dragoons of the Pope laid hands upon the poor devils, they generally

hung them.

CHAPTER III.

Ten years have passed since Josef de Ribera re-ceived hospitality at San Pietro. He is now twenty-five years old and his name has become famous.

Upon his arrival in the eternal city, the boy had chosen a position upon the steps of a palace, in the neighborhood of the church of Ara Coeli, and set himself to making drawings, often caricatures, which he would sell for a piece of bread, a spoonful of maccaroni, or a handful of figs. Soon he was known all over Rome where he was called le Spagnoletto, (the little Spaniard) a name which he kept for a long time, and which is even now often given him in works on art. One day, a cardinal took him into his palace and made him a page; but Ribera could not give up his art, to don for good any livery, no matter what. He soon left the luxurious house of his protector, and came back to the stone he had chosen for an easel, to the stair of his beloved palace, and to his cherished independence.

Not far from the church and the convent of Ara Coeli, in a house which we have seen (but in what

Not far from the church and the convent of Ara Coeli, in a house which we have seen (but in what street we have forgotten) a painter of much renown, Caravago, had established his studio. Every day, when the master gave his lesson, le Spagnoletto, hanging on to the bars or astride a caryatid at the window, listened with greedy ears to the instructions of the great painter. Afterwards, in numberless sketches, made on all the white walls he could find, he tried to put into practice the precepts and utilize the instructions of Caravago to his pupils. Finally, one day, the painter saw him and took him from the street into his studio, where Ribera remained two years. After that, the master nobly acknowledged he could teach him no more, and advised him to go to Naples and study under Correggio who then lived in that city. It was during his stay with Caravago that the adventure we are about to relate happened to him.

The master was painting a Holy Family ordered by His Holiness. The painting was nearly finished and Caravago had covered it with a cloth, as much to preserve it from dust, as to keep it from being seen before it was finished. One day, when he was out, his scholars, eager to admire the work of the great artist whom they had for a teacher, lifted the cloth which covered it and crowded around the picture. One of the young men, pushed probably by some companion who was too Coeli, in a house which we have seen (but in what

around the picture. One of the young men, pushed probably by some companion who was too eager for a look, fell so that he rubbed out one hand of the virgin and made a great blur of colors from the knee to the bottom of the robe. What would the master say, on his return? All trembled at the thought!

bled at the thought!

Then Ribera dared to take his palette and his brushes, and in the presence of his companions, who were stupefied at his audacity, without a word, he painted in the hand, touched up the sleeve and restored the robe of the Virgin. Scarcely had he done, when Caravago returned and went straight to his picture either to look at it or to work upon it. Suddenly he turned around and, in a voice which caused all to tremble, he said, "Who has touched this picture?"

No one answered: all the pupils were bent

No one answered; all the pupils were bent over their palettes or drawings, working with an ardor and an oblivion of outside affairs that would have been very meritorous had it been more sincere. Caravago repeated his question. Then le Spagnoletto, foreseeing a punishment, but resolved to endure it, came forward, with hanging head, saying: "'Tis I, master!" The artist looked at him a moment without speaking, then suddenly taking him in his arms, and pressing him to his breast, he cried enthusiastically: "O caro Spagnoletto, now am I sure of immortality; for it will be said: Caravago was thy master!"

COUNT A DE VERVINS.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.

HE Conservatoire of Paris is situated at the angle of the Faubourg Poissonnière and the Rue Bergère. It is a large square construction, of mean aspect and uninteresting architecture, and of a lonely and deserted appearance. Pushing open a door, which is always ajar, and passing under a dark, chilly, vaulted passage, a yard is reached, bare of trees, grass, or shrubs, a dreary, graveled square between four walls. At certain hours the most unearthly sounds strike terror to the visitor's ears. The pupils are taking their singing lessons. The Conservatoire consists of four separate buildings. The facade is occupied by the apartments of M. Ambroise Thomas, the director, and by the officers of the administration and those of the Secretary. On the left are the class rooms for harmony, declamation and composition, as well as the hall set apart for the audition of applicants: on the right the concert hall, forming a distinct corps de logis near the museum and library. library.

The organization of the Conservatoire is extremely simple. The administration decides upon the admission or rejection of people; and beyond this initiatory measure each professor is absolute master in his class room; he has the unquestioned control over the lectures, teaches after his own method, and cannot be called away under any pretense even by the superintendent. The office of method, and cannot be called away under any pre-tense even by the superintendent. The office of this last-named functionary is by no means a sine-cure. He has to watch over all the establishments, maintain order, exact a compliance with the rules and regulations, prevent clandestine whisperings and surreptitious intrigues, and in that capacity finds himself in occult warfare with all the pupils

finds himself in occult warfare with all the pupils whose object it is to elude and vex him.

The present superintendent, who has been lately appointed, has not asyet an accepted reputation, but his predecessor was a character. It is not likely that M. Ternusse's memory will soon be forgotten, in the Conservatoire, over which he reigned during fifteen years. Short and stout, with tousled hair and a thick beard, piercing eyes and a stentorian voice, he was ubiquitous and despotic. He was ever on the alert to surprise a meeting or a stolen interview in a dark passage. The least noise in the class rooms attracted him, and he appeared on the scene as if by magic to restore order. Ternusse was a painter. During his holidays he spent long the class rooms attracted him, and he appeared on the scene as if by magic to restore order. Ternusse was a painter. During his holidays he spent long hours at the Louvre copying the classical paintings, and on his return would bring several pictures and put them up for a lottery. No one was undiplomatic enough not to take a fifty-centimeticket. He had dreams of reorganizing the Conservatoire on a new basis. He wanted to purchase some adjacent houses and convert them into a "theatre of application," but, notwithstanding his pertinacity in explaining his plans and the adhesion they sometimes met with, he never succeeded in seeing them carried out.

In each class there are two kinds of pupils, those entered on the registers and thereby entitled to take a part in the annual concours at the close of the year, and the so-called auditors admitted by

the year, and the so-called auditors admitted by each professor to his class room as outsiders. For each professor to his class room as outsiders. For singing and declamation it is necessary to pass one audition or examination before becoming a pupil. For all the other classes each professor selects his pupils and gives their names to the council of administration, with the exception of the lectures on the history of music and dramatic literature, to which all are admitted on presentation of a special card.

The auditions are held in a small hall on the first floor, capable of holding from 300 to 400 people, with a pit and two rows of boxes—there is not a single window. The stage is slightly raised and reached by steps. There, also, are held the cours of musical and dramatic history.

The most important of all the cours are those on musical composition, counterpoint and fugue.

The most important of all the cours are those on musical composition, counterpoint and fugue. They are given by three professors—Massenet, Guiraud and Leo Delibes—who each give two lessons a week. The former is the first master of the new school admitted into the home of classical tradition. His cours last two hours; he holds it in a room of moderate dimensions, sparsely furnished with an Erard piano, a blackboard, near which is his armchair, a table surrounded by ten or twelve pupils, and beyond, some forms for the auditors, averaging about twenty-five. When the master discourses, all the young people hangon his words; at times he fancies that he has not been thoroughly understood, and he darts to the piano and begins to play the obscure passage with the delicate artistic refinement so characteristic of his compositions. On these occasions all the pupils rise, those on the further seats stand on the benches, bending eagerly forward over their companions' heads, and Ternusse, whose quick ear had caught the unusual commotion, would softly open panions' heads, and Ternusse, whose quick ear had caught the unusual commotion, would softly open the door and look in uneasily. Once or twice Massenet, perceiving him, called out, to the exquisite delight of the class: "Come along, Ternusse, and repeat the lesson on the blackboard." To his favorite pupils he gives an extra lesson on Sunday at his own residence, and generally on orchestration. tration.

Another remarkable individuality of the Paris Another remarkable individuality of the Paris Conservetoire is M. Obin, the professor of opera. Notwithstanding his great age, he is energetic and active as a young man. He stages, according to his views, whole acts of operas more minutely than they are ever done at the National Academy of Music. He sings all the parts—tenors, baritones, basses, and even sopranos. He hops from one side of the stage to the other, taking his own cue, and, turning his back to the audience, will drop on his knees and pour forth the air of "Grace, Grace," in "Robert le Diable." with poignant despair. No one has ever been known to smile at M. Obin's performances. He is exceedingly vio-

lent when excited, hurling volleys of injurious epithets at a pupil for a false note, and even once aiming an inkstand at an offender, which struck Ternusse, who had just slipped in to see what was the matter.

There are eight professors of singing at the Con-There are eight professors of singing at the Conservatoire, eleven of piano, one of organ, six of violin, two of violoncello. All of the other orchestral instruments are taught each by a professor, all men of established talent and repute. Both Joachim and Rubinstein have confessed that in no other country is the teaching body so good in its other country is the teaching body so good in its entirety as in Paris.

The most attended lectures are undoubtedly those

of M La Pommeraye on dramatic literature. More pretty faces are seen on the benches and more flirtations carried on in the hall than at any others. The Professor is indulgent, deeming perhaps the scenes thus privately acted as more interesting to his audience, then the most thrilling plays of the

scenes thus privately acted as more interesting to his audience than the most thrilling plays of the Comédie Française.

The aim of the Conservatoire is not only to foster talent but to place mediocrity on its level, and eliminate from the profession those whose incapacity is patent, and who attempt to trade on the paying public by the audacity of their pretensions, or the doubtful éclat of some social success or fashionable scandal. On the other hand, all support and encouragement is given with firstor fashionable scandal. On the other hand, all support and encouragement is given with first-rate teaching, and the best opportunities to those whose vocation, if modest, is serious, and who are not rebutted by the arduous studies and long training required to make such actors as those who, having for years been the idols of the public, are yet willing to lead others into the path they have so gloriously trodden—N. Y. Sun

THE REGISTERS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

HE tones comprised within the limits of both male and female voices do not succeed each other in such a manner as to maintain strict uniformity of timbre. They are grouped, rather, into several series, each of which is distinguished by peculiarities of musical quality. Such a sequel of tones is spoken of as a register. The existence of distinct registers was recognized by the earliest masters of the art of singing and is universally admitted as a fact. The number of registers to be found within the compass of

and is universally admitted as a fact. The number of registers to be found within the compass of the various voices, as well as the mechanism of their production are still, however, matters of con-

The oldest and most prevalent enumeration of registers is that of two, viz., chest and falsetto. A third register has been introduced by some toward the end of the compass, and denominated

head-voice. Garaudé and Gottfried Weber made a division into four registers. Finally, Manuel Garcia and Emma Seiler were led to subdivide the chest and Emma Seiler were led to subdivide the chest and falsetto registers, while retaining the head-voice, and thus arrived at the adoption of five registers. The last view is strongly advocated by E. Belinke conjointly with Lenox Browne, both of England, and seems to be favored by not a few of the practical instructors of the present.

Euch diversity of opinion will appear less surprising when we remember that the boundaries of a register are determined musically by differences in tone-color, and hence depend for their fixation upon the capacity of the observer's ear.

Numerous attempts have been made to ascertain by means of the laryngoscope what changes in position and mode of vibration of the vocal chords are incident to the different registers. Here again we meet with conflicting statements.

are incident to the different registers. Here again we meet with conflicting statements.

Direct observation of the larynx during vocalization is attended with considerable difficulties, and it is quite possible that different individuals may use their vocal chords in different ways for the formation of one and the same register.

Johannes Mueller considered chest tones to result from the vibration of the entire width of each vocal chord, while, for falsetto notes, merely the edges participated in vibration. Other writers have held that the falsetto voice was caused by the false chords (ventricular bands) being brought into contact with the upper surface of the true chords, thus cutting off part of their length from vibration.

placed parallel to each other with a rather narrow chink between them, and accordingly would give rise to vibrations along their entire length. Dur-ing the formation of falsetto notes, however, their ing the formation of falsetto notes, however, their opposing inner margins come into actual contact behind, leaving for vibration only a short portion in front; the two chords here being separated by a small, elliptical space.

The system of five registers is based in the main upon investigations with the laryngoscope, and lays claim to having established a strictly physiological division. Its advocates speak with a precision that inspires confidence, and their statements need particular mention.

According to this system, the entire compass of

sealind, lasting for vibration only a select pounds.

The system of five registers is based in the many control of the registers is based in the many control of the registers in based in the many control of the register is the register is the register in the register in the register is the register in the register in the register is the register in the register is the register in the register in the register is the register in the register in the register is the register in the register in the register is the register in the register in the register is the register in the register in the register in the register is the register in the register in the register in the register is the register in the regist

at the junction of two registers, and which can be produced with either register at will.

The finished voice ought to puzzle the ear of the one who searches for five registers and of him who seeks to find but two. Its tones should form a chain whose links are all of one beautiful mould.

C. Shattinger, M. D.

WAGNER AS A POET.

supernatural dwarfs and giants, and the unearthly figures of gods and goddesses, these two beings stand forth with the simplicity and sublimity of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; and the union of their spirits in the final scene of the drama is a masterly and faultlessly poetic exposition of the force and dignity of unrestrained human love. This scene, reached by a series of events which point to it with a logical coherence unsurpassed in any existing drama, is a climax which stamps Wagner as a poet.

TALKATIVE AUDITORS.

HIS class of concert-goers, these human magpies, which, as yet, I have found fairly well represented in every concert that I have attended, have been so often talked and written about, and even caricatured, that repetition may seem wearisome. Yet should we not continue the "good fight" until we succeed in clearing our concert halls of those who look upon them only as fit places to carry on their conversation? This cannot be accomplished, however, until our audiences, as a body, make a determined stand against the nuisance. As yet the work has been usually left to those musicians and performers that possessed the requisite moral pluck.

An instance of this occurred not long ago. At the first performance at the Academy of Music of "Lakme," which Theodore Thomas conducted, a young lady who occupied a proscenium box with a party of friends, carried on a loud and lively conversation, to the great annoyance of both performers and audience. After this had gone on for some time, Mr. Thomas sent an attendant to her with the message that if she continued he would rise and ask the audience to decide by vote whether they preferred to hear her conversation or the music. This had the desired effect, and for the rest of the evening there was not a quieter person in the house than she.

rise and ask the audience to decide by vote whether they preferred to hear her conversation or the music. This had the desired effect, and for the rest of the evening there was not a quieter person in the house than she.

Of Ole Bull, with his generous nature, just and considerate towards others, of him we would naturally suppose that he should demand a like treatment of himself While visiting the famous baths of Lucca, he played at the Duke of Lucca's, before an audience that included Prince Poniatowsky, the Duke of Tuscany, and the Queen Dowager of Naples, Malibran, De Beriot, and Dohler, the pianist, were also present. When the introduction by the piano had been played, an animated conversation was kept up, the Queen Dowager taking a prominent part. Whereupon Ole Bull quietly placed his violin under his arm, heedless of Dohler's whispers not to mind it, and to begin his solo. The Duke, noticing this, approached him to inquire whether he desired anything. "I am quite ready, your Grace," was the answer. but fear to interrupt the conversation. The Queen Dowager has probably something of importance to impart, and I would not disturb her." Saying he would speak to her, the Duke crossed to where she sat, and a few whispered words had the result, that the spirited young artist was not annoyed by conversation again.

Corelli, too, understood how to make himself

winspered words had the result, that the spirited young artist was not annoyed by conversation again.

Corelli, too, understood how to make himself respected. While playing at the residence of Cardinal Ottoboni, his patron, at Rome, one evening, he observed that during the performance of his finest solos, the worthy Cardinal and his friends were talking together. Corelli thereupon quietly laid down his violin, and joined the company. He was asked the reason of this "singular" behaviour, and replied that he feared the noise of his music might perhaps interrupt the conversation!

Viotti acted still more independently on a like occasion. He had attracted much attention at Paris, and was commanded by Queen Marie Antoinette to play at the court of Versailles. On one of these occasions, just as he had begun playing a concerto of his own composition, Count d'Artois, a very conceited and arrogant gentleman, entered the room with much noise and bustle, disturbing the audience and interrupting the music. And the violinist had no sooner recommenced the piece, than the Count walked about in a fidgety manner, and spoke loudly to some ladies of his acquaintance. This was too much for the fiery Italian, and with an indignant glance towards this ill-behaved nobleman, he put his violin under his arm, picked up his music, and without further ceremony, marched out of the concert room, "leaving the concert, Her Majesty, and His Royal Highness, to the reproaches of the audience."

Another violinist, Giornowick, who was of a most eccentric nature, treated his audience in a different manner, however. I take the narrative from Phipson:

"In London, where he was frequently heard be-tween 1792 and 1796, he once gave a concert that was very fully attended, but on the commencement of his solo the company continued their conversaof his solo the company continued their conversation, which was, moreover, intermixed with the
clattering of tea cups, for it was then the custom
to serve tea throughout the performances as well
as during the intervals. Giornowick turned to the
orchestra and stopped it. "These people,' he said,
'know nothing about music; anything is good
enough for drinkers of warm water—I will give
them something better suited to their taste!'
Whereupon he struck up a very commonplace
French air, which had a marvelous success."

When Handel was conducting his oratorios at
Carlton House, he grew quite violent if the young
Prince and Princess of Wales did not enter the
room at the exact time, and if, after their arrival,
any of the maids of honor or attendants talked
during the performance, he actually swore at the

Prince and Princess of Wales did not enter the room at the exact time, and if, after their arrival, any of the maids of honor or attendants talked during the performance, he actually swore at the offenders and called them names, at which the Princess, "with her accustomed mildness and benignity," (so Crowest has it,) would say, "Hush! hush! Handel is in a passion."

The anecdote concerning Franz Liszt and Czar Nicholas has gone the round of the press lately. It appears that while at St. Petersburg, the abbe was invited by the Czar to play. During his performance, however, the Czar spoke in rather loud tones to one of his aids-de-camp, and Liszt suddenly stopped. Now, according to one version of the story, Liszt, when asked what the matter was, replied: "When the Emperor speaks, it is every-body's duty to keep silent," after which he left the hall. "The Emperor, to the surprise of his courtiers, was, however, not offended, but sent Liszt on the day following a handsome gift."

But Mr. L. Engel has it thus:
"The Emperor exclaimed: "Well, Abbe Liszt!" I will not interrupt your Majesty's conversation,' said Liszt. 'Oh, you do not disturb or interrupt me in the least,' impatiently said the Emperor 'It is then your Majesty that interrupts me,' said Liszt, drawing in his velvet paw. The effect of this remark was that the Emperor cut short the concert, the next day sent the director of the police to the great abbe to express his Majesty's fear that the Russian climate might injure the abbe's health and the Emperor's advice to seek a milder climate and pastures new." And I believe this latter version to be the more probable and correct one. But I find I have rambled on much further than I intended to, and yet many other instances of the kind might be mentioned. Louis Spohr's Autobiography, for example, contains a description of an affair of this kind, in which Spohr acted in a manner that was eminently characteristic of the man. I close with the earnest wish, not only that other artists may "go and do likewise," but tha

AN AMERICAN ORCHESTRA TO VISIT EUROPE.

HERE is a rumor that Mr. Theodore
Thomas is inclined to visit the capitals
and large cities of Europe during the coming summer, in order to give orchestral performances and to show that Amer-

tral performances and to show that America can furnish as fine an orchestra as any other European capital. All those who are acquainted with the admirable training of Thomas' orchestral forces, will easily believe that America can only gain honor by such an undertaking, and that there can be no doubt about the success of such a tour of concerts. After the repeated, successful appearances of American musical artists, mostly trained in Europe as soloists nothing is now wanted to concerts. After the repeated, successful appearances of American musical artists, mostly trained in Europe, as soloists, nothing is now wanted to show the progress of music in America but the appearance of a fine orchestra, which would show by its ensemble playing that the highest class instrumental music is here cultivated almost in the same measure as in Europe, while a few lessons and hints from critics as to artistic reading and broader conception of the meaning of musical numbers might be most useful even to Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestral satellites.

It would also be a commendable course by virtue of a wider acquaintance with new works and new composers, such as we may over here now and then hear of, but which, after all, remain outside our more intimate knowledge, and so are not adopted into our programmes. It is really a certainty that an American orchestra with such a leader as Theodore Thomas, would draw in Europe and be a financial and artistic success, and it must be hoped that this undertaking will not remain a fancy scheme, but become a reality.—Am. Musician.



OUR MUSIC.

"CHANT DU BRACONNIER" (op. 26)......Ritter. Theodore Ritter, as our readers doubtless know, made a great reputation in Paris both as a pianist and composer for the piano. This edition is the best extant of this composition, which is undeniably one of Ritter's best.

"WALTZ IN E." (op. 83)......Durand. Durand is another Parisian composer, and this is one of his most popular pieces. Deservedly so, too, for after several years, the revisions he has made in this edition result in but very few changes. It has however been very carefully fingered and made as nearly perfect as possible for teaching purposes. It is of a grade of difficulty that will enable persons who have had say two years' practice at the piano to play it acceptably.

" Song of the Siren" (Album-leaf op. 66) . . Grütz-

Grützmacher is an author who is but little known in this country, and this composition will be the first from his pen which the majority of our readers will have seen. We think they will agree with us, however, that he is a composer who has something to say and says it well. The melody of this little gem is truly bewitching, and the whole piece is unusually poetical. Aside from its decided merit as a work of art, it makes an excellent arpeggio study. It should be played without much difficulty by pupils who have had about eighteen months' practice.

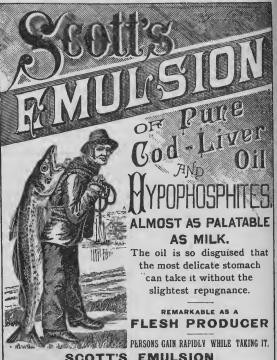
This is a composition (though in a different style) which is of about the same grade of difficulty as the Durand waltz noticed above. It will remind some of our readers of Mendelssohn's canzonetta from his string quartette, and yet it is evidently original. There is a certain glow of genius in Merkel's compositions which commands attention.

"Nocturne" (op. 28)......Meyer-Helmund. It is as a song writer that Meyer-Helmundis best known, and quite recently we gave one of his songs. We now introduce him to our readers as a composer for the piano. The harmonic changes in this composition are numerous and full of a peculiar, poetical strangeness. It is of only medium difficulty, so far as technics are concerned, but will demand intelligent playing, if all its beauties are to be brought out.

The pretty conceit of the words of this song has received an excellent musical setting at the hands of Mr. Kroeger. There is in the song a certain element of popularity with the many which is not always found in Mr. Kroeger's work, excellent as it always is.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form: "CHANT DU BRACONNIER,"..... Ritter, "WALTZIN E,"......Durand, .60 .35 "CANZONETTA,".....Merkel,
"NOCTURNE,".....Meyer-Helmund, .35 .60

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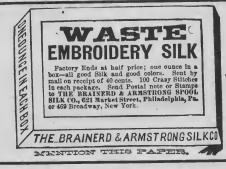
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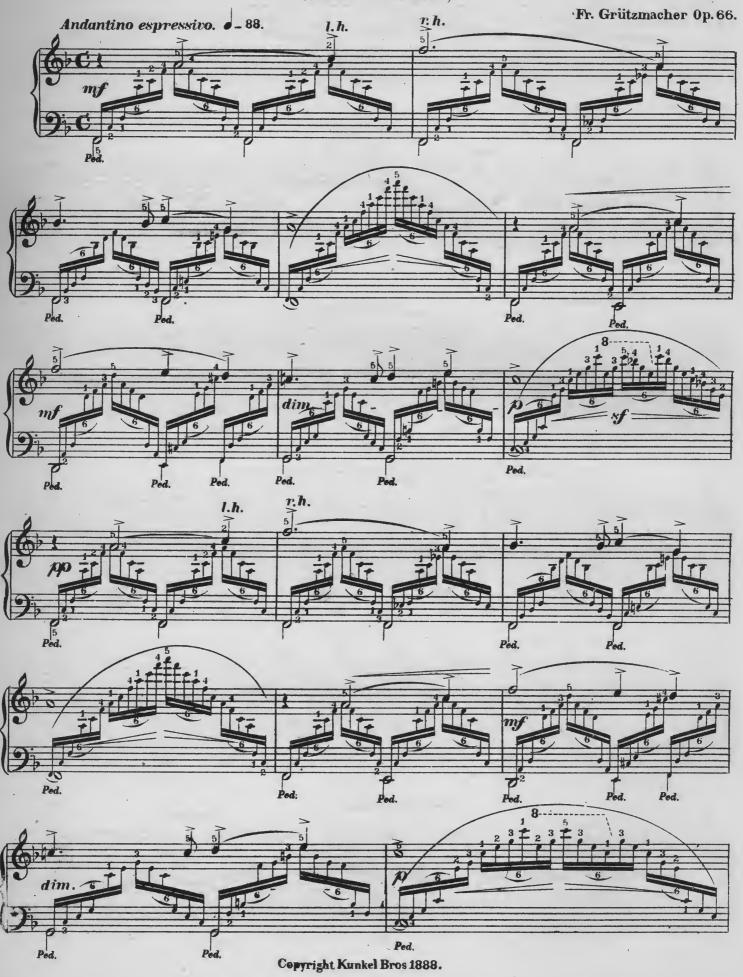






SONG OF THE SIREN.

(ALBUMLEAF.)













NOCTURNE.



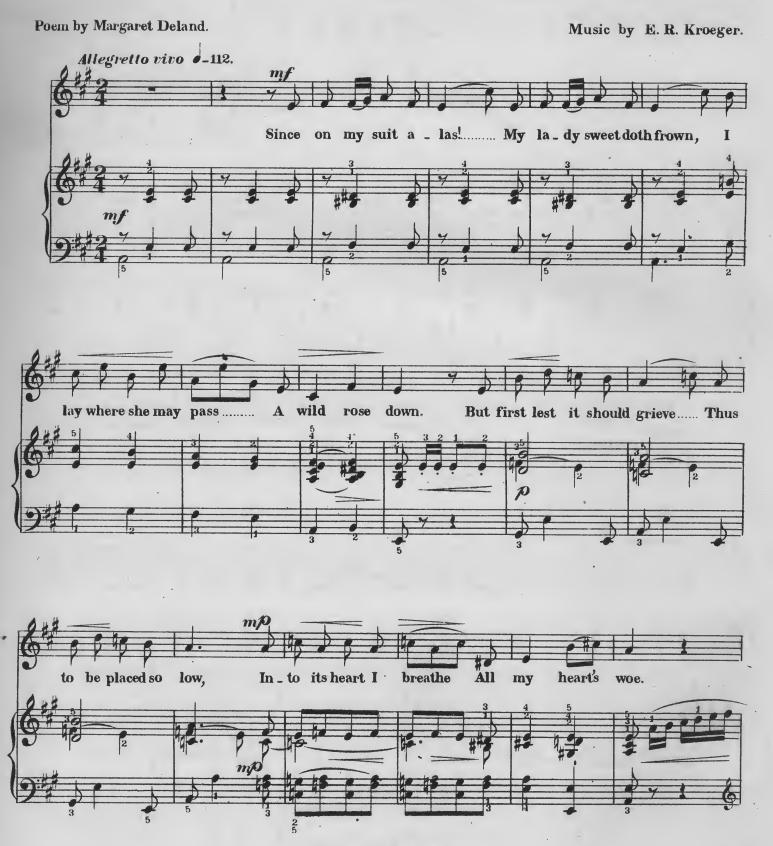






THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

To Mrs. Eugene Karst.



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WHISTLING JUGS.



WHISTLING JUGS.

While whistling mugs are just now a fashionable fad in New York, says the Musician, some old-fashioned whistling jugs are being unearthed from Peruvian grave yards, where they have lain since long before a white man ever set foot on the American continent.

The silvadors or musical jugs, found among the burial places of Peru, are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silvio in the William S. Vaux collection at Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted, leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the opened-necked vase the air is compressed into the other, and in escaping from the narrow opening is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sound. Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds; one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia, Pa., imitates the notes of the robin, or some other member of the thrush tribe peculiar to Peru. The closed neck of this double vase is modeled into a representation of a bird's head, which is thrush-like in character. Another water vase in the same collection, representing a llama, imitates the disgusting habit which this animal possesses of ejecting its saliva when enraged. The hissing sound which accompanies this action is admirably imitated. A black tube of earthen ware, ornamented with a grotesque head in low relief, to which short arms are attached, pressing a three-tubed syrinx to its lips (Clay collection), deserves especial mention, as it suggests the evolution of this instrument from a single tube to more complicated forms.

THERE is much enthusiasm in New York Hebrew circles, says the Am. Art Journal, over a Cantor who has just been brought over from Eurore to officiate at the Eldridge Street Synagogue. His name is Pincus Minkowsky; he hails from the Russian Synagogue at Odessa and has won the reputation of being the greatest singer to be found among the Jewish cantors. His fame is known in all parts of the world and he was induced by an unusually large salary to come to New York. His voice is a tenor that is said to be magnificent in its sonority and power, and singularly rich, mellow and sweet in quality.

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MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Mr. Aifred G. Robyn, our musically talented feilow-citizen, has inaugurated a series of "Icnten musicales," i. e., a series of baliad concerts. The tickets for the first of these reached the editor the day after the concert—a sufficient reason, doubtless, for limiting our account of the interesting event to a publication of the programme, which consists of compositions by Mr. Robyn exclusively. The second concert of the series is announced for March 13:

Part 1.—Piano Duet, "Imogen," Messrs. Bollman and Robyn. Quartette "Oh, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose," Mrs. Karst, Miss Schuler, Messrs. Hein and Osgood. Barytone, "Thorns and Roses," Mr. A. G. Osgood. Soprano, Waltz: "Bliss, All Raptures," Mrs. Eugene Karst. Piano, "L'Espérance," Mr. Will Trauernicht. Aito, "Life's Lights and Shadows," Mrs. O. H. Boilman; violin, Signor Parisi; organ. C. H. Gailoway. Violin, "Romanza in F," Signor Guido Parisi. Tenor, a. "Schlummcrlied," b. "Bolero," Mr. Otto Hein. Soprano, "You," Mrs. Eugene Karst. Plano, a. Menuetto, Op. 40, b. Improvisata, No. 3, Mr. A. G. Robyn. Part II.—Operetta: "Beais and Buttons." Cast: Miss Augusta Button, Mrs. M. E. Latey: Mrs. A. Button, Mrs. O. H. Bollman; Jno. Bean, Jr., Mr. Wayman McCreery; Jno. Bean, Sr., Mr. Fent Farnham.

Mr. Kroeger's Second Annual Concert filled Memorial Hall

and Buttons." Cast: Miss Augusta Button, Mrs. M. E. Latey: Mrs. A. Button, Mrs. O. H. Bollman: Jno. Bean, Jr., Mr. Wayman McCreery: Jno. Bean, Sr., Mr. Fent Farnham.

Mr. Kroeger's Second Annual Concert filled Memorial Hall with a critical and appreciative audience, who listened with evident pleasure to a programme made up entirely of Mr. Kroeger's compositions, and which was as follows:

1. Duet for Two Planos. Caprice Humoristique en forme de Variations. Op. 21. (Introduction, Original Theme, Six Variations and Finale.) Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger. 2. Two Movements from Quartette in E Flat. For two Violins, Viola and Violonceilo. a. Andantino; b. Aliegro Assai. Messrs. Heerich, Schopp, Mayer and Anton. 3. Soprano Solo. a. "To My Loved One." Op. 19. No. 2; b. "Maiden, What are You Singing?" Op. 4, No. 5. Mrs. Karst. 4. Plano Solo. a. Impromptu. Op. 5, No. 1; b. Burlesque. Op. 20. No. 8; c. Mazurka in E Major. Op. 20, No. 10; d. "The Rivulet." Op. 3. Mr. Kunkel. 5. Flute Solo. Fantasie in E Minor. Allegro Risoluto—Andante, tema con variazioni—Allegro animato. Mr. Kieselhorst. 6. Tenor Solo "Moorish Serenadc." Op. 11, No. 1. Mr. McIlvaine. 7. Quintet in F Minor, for Plano, two Violins, Viola and Violonceilo. a. Allegro Energico; b. Intermezzo; c. Lento e Sostenuto; d. Alia Tarantella. Messrs. Heerich, Schopp, Mayer, Anton and Kroeger.

Several of the compositions played are as yet unpublished, among them the duo for pianos, the quartette in Eb and the quintette in F minor. The piano duo is well written throughout, but one variation, in the form of a canon, was generally voted wearisome through its iteration and reiteration of the same phrase, nor, in that respect, can we find any fault with the opinion of "the general." The gem of the evening was, beyond question, the final quintette. This is not merely a good work, it deserves, without qualification or mental reservation of any sort, to be called a great work. Of course, the local pencil-pushers had to "damn it with faint praise," but the time will come (after E

The performance of the different numbers was, upon the whole, excellent.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club presented the following programme at their last month's concert:

1. QUARTETTE, P. G. Anton a. Aliegro; b. Largo; c. Scherzo; d. Finale.

2. ALTO SOLO—"The Arrow and the Song," Pinsutt, Mrs. Dr. J. Lebrecht.

3. QUARTETTE (Scherzo from Quartette in Ep. No. 1), Chryubini.

4. CELLO SOLO—"Larghetto," Mozart, Mr. Carl Froehlich.

5. BARYTONE SOLO—"Patria," Mattet, Mr. W. M. Porteous.

6. QUINTETTE—OP 70, Jadassohn, a. Aliegro; b. Adagio; c. Ncherzo; d. Finale.

The first number, a manuscript work by our fellow-townsman, Mr. Anton, once again proved him a thorough master of the science of musical composition. The work may be fairly called learned. Perhaps, however, that Mr. Anton's very thoroughness of knowledge leads him to rely too much upon that, instead of seeking that inspiration which gives the breath of immortality to the composer's work.

Mrs. Lebrecht and Mr. Porteous both sang remarkably well, and the work of the club in the Jadassohn quintette was beyond all praise. Perfection of balance and ensemble was noticeable throughout.

But what shall we say of Mr. Froehlich's solo? When so competent a pianist as Mr. Ehling was at hand, what insane demon of mischief could have suggested to him the idea of having his accompaniment played by a young girl of apparently about twelve summers? Not that the child played bad ly, as a child, but that, frightened perhaps by the consciousness of the presence of an andience, she played throughout with less than a child's tone, while Mr. Froehlich, who has a large tone anyhow, seemed to delight in playing as loudly as possible. A trombone solo with gultar accompaniment would about convey to those who did not hear this solo, the idea of what it sounded like. An elephantand a mouse are both good in their respective places, but they do not constitute a team. It is to be regretted that Mr. Froehlich should have sacrificed so excellent a composition, so exceliently played by hi

which certainly did not do a talented child justice.

The second concert of the St Louis Musical Union, for the present scason, offered the following programme:

1. POLONAISE, from "Struensee," Meyerbeer, Orchestra. 2. VIOLIN SOLO, "Thème Original Varié," Wieniawski. Signor Guido Parisi. 3. Overture, "In the Mountains," by the distinguished American Composer, Arthur Foote, Orchestra. 4. VOCAL SOLO, "Qui La VOCe," Puritani, Bellini, Signora Elena Varesi. 5. Symphonie Fantasia, "Spring of Life and Love," by the distinguished American Composer, Franz X. Arens. 6. VIOLIN SOLO, Grand Concerto, Viewstemps. Signor G. Parisl. 7. CAVATINA. Raff. arranged by Mr. Louis Meyer for Orchestra. 8. VOCAL SOLO, Bolero, "Le retour des Promis," Dessauer, Signor G. Bellena Varesi. 9. Ballet Music of "Faust," Gounod, Orchestra.



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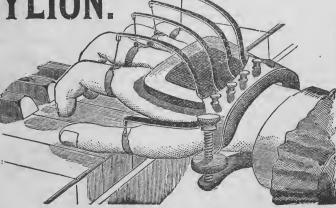
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The polonaise from ".Struensee" is getting to be an old (over-old) acquaintance, and ought to be given shelf-room. The two compositions by American composers were a novelty, and for that we are thankful to Mr Waldaucr. Of the compositions themselves, we cannot say much good. Mr. Foote's overture is well written, but commonplace, while that of Mr. Arens is Wagnerian without a spark of Wagner's talent. We shall have to produce better works than these, if American compositions are to achieve a lasting position any where.

The orchestra was well handled and played well.
Signor Guido Parisi once again proved himself an artist in the best sense of the term. Ilis playing was admirable. It is a great pity that he is not more frequently heard.

Mme. Varesi is not possessed of a strong voice, but she managed to fill the huge hall, and sang with good school and in excellent taste.

A MEDICAL journal tells "How to Lie While Asleep." The article should be kept out of the hands of the correspondents who furnish the New York dailies with snake and bear stories. They lie enough while awake.—Norristown Herald.

Anold French gentleman attending the opera heard the tenor in the "Hugucnots" sing out of tune all the evening. In the course of the opera the tenor was shot dead. The old gentleman sprang to his feet, exclaiming, as he shook his fist at the theatrical corpse, "Serves you right, you donkey! You have sung false all the evening."

"Well, poor Smith! He's rid of that talkative wife of his."
"What! I—I hadn't heard—"
"Why, she fell head foremost into a tubful of cream this morning."
"Land sakes! Did she drown?"
"No; but her chin churned forty pounds of fine butter before she could be pulled out of the cream."

A Good story of old days in Massachusetts has recently been published. In one of the churches in the eastern part of the state a bass viol was procured to help the choir. One summer Sunday, while the parson was in the middle of the sermon. a big bull got out of his pastine and came swaggering down the road, growling as he came. The minister heard the low bellow, and, looking up towards the singers' seats with a grave face, he said, "I would thank the musicians not to tune during service time; it annoys me very much." The choir was surprised, but nothing was said. Pretty soon the bull gave another grumble, and then the parson was mad. He stopped short, and, looking directly at the bass viol player, said. "I now particularly request Mr. L. that he will not tune his instrument while I am preaching." This was more than the fiddler could stand. Popping up in his seat he snapped out: "It isn't me, parson, it isn't me. It's that d-d-darned old town bull!"

out: "It isn't mc, parson, it isn't me. It's that d-d-darned old town bull!"

Music in America.—There is at present in America little real demand for grand opera and much less for American opera. The people have not yet reached that state of develment in which the opera forms the part of their national existence that it does in Germany. France, or Italy. It is preposterons to suppose that the legend of "Fanst," translated and set over from its natural home to our country, can mean as much to an American as it does to a German. The great evil of the whole situation, however, is that we are trying to pretend that it does. America has too long sought to conceat this lack of real musical appreciation under the mask of fashion. Such small progress as the opera has made has been artificial and not based on a real musical appreciation. We have tried to support opera because fashion affects it. There is no national pride among the people with whom this dictatorial power has come to rest. Admission to this charmed circle rather implies a declaration of nil admirari as regards American music and American art. Although America is annually spending three times the amount of money for music that any other country is spending, this money is being largely thrown away, as far as our own musical development is concerned. Und r the dictates of a prejudiced fashion we are beginning at the wrong end of the matter. If we are to advance in real musical culture we must have a recognized and patronized profession of music, and we must have a supporting public that is superior to prejudice and heartily in earnest in its appreciation.—Boston Advertiser.

MUSIC IN CENTRAL ASIA.

HE Ameer of Afghanistan should have a monument erected in Westminster

HE Ameer of Afghanistan should have a monument erected in Westminster Abbey, the great burial ground of England's illustrious dead. The Asiatic ruler has suddenly manifested an intense passion for the sweetest of musical instruments, the bagpipe, and ordered two hundred of them, with the pipers attached, to be forwarded to Cabul. "Here," says a London journal, "is at last an opportunity of getting rid of that curse of civilization, our 'street music.' The taste of this barbarous Prince will doubtless improve; unless this new-born love of music is a 'craze 'indeed, it will develop. After the pipes, his ear will hunger for the hurdy-gurdy, and will yearn eventually for the strains of the German band. No more shall the young Italian boy, with his white teeth and his white mice; no more shall the hairy Teuton, with puffed cheek and protruding eye, deafen the patient Londoner. How all things—though they sometimes have such a reverse appearance—work together for good! It is but a few years back that our rulers were anathematised for making friendly overtures to the Monarch of Cabul. And now there have arisen hopes that from that unlooked-for quarter, a deliverance may come to us for which we have long looked to a paternal Government in vain. Floreat Afghanistan! Vivat the Ameer! Who knows but that this time next year he may not be sending for the Christmas waits!

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

A NEW opera, by Signor Mancinelli, entitled "I Ribelli," is shortly to be produced at the San Carlos Theatre of Lisbon.

A CABLEGRAM from Paris announces the death of the celebrated French violin virtuoso and composer Jean Richard Alard.

MR. EUGENE D'ALBERT, who was formerly a juvenile "prodigy," but is now one of the leading musicians resident in Germany, is going to Paris next month to give a series of pianoforte recitals.

A COMMEMORATIVE tablet has just been placed against the house No. 6, Unter den Tuchlauben, at Vienna, bearing the inscription: "Mozartresided in this house in the year1871, where be composed his opera 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

C. A. Camp, Painesville, O., has devised and published a Music Chart, which facilitates the learning of the order of flats and sharps and also smoothes the difficulties in the way of transposition. It will be a great aid to the musicians, both vocal and instrumental.—The Metronome, N. Y.

MASSENET, the composer, who is living opposite Sardou in the Rue du General Foy, Paris, is writing a new opera, for which his neighbor will provide the libretto. Massenet works quite as industriously as Sardou, and moreover, finds time to superintend the rehearsals of his productions all over

A New statuette of Bcethoven, modelled upon the well known pen and ink portrait by Lyser, and reproducing more faithfully than any other the outward characteristics of the master's personality, has lately made its appearance in German shop windows, and finds ready buyers. The statuette is the work of the sculptor, Herr Landgrebe.

WE have received from Mr. E. H. Cowles, the inventer, a copy of his "Piano and Organ Stock, Sale and Lease Register," which we have carefully examined, and we do not hesitate to say it is the best book for the purpose yet offered to the trade. Mr. Cowles will send descriptive circulars to those who wish them. Address him at 74 West 4th St., Cincinnati.

A LETTER from St. Petersburg to one of the Vienna papers says that the czar is much absorbed just now in giving lessons on the pianoforte to his little daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, who has made marked progress under her father's instruction. His Majesty dislikes the classical composers, and teaches his daughter exclusively dance music. The child has been promised a long-coveted bracelet if she learns a favorite waltz of the czar's by next month.

Music takes its place in the programme of the Paris Exhibition. The art is to be represented both in composition and performance, and among other competitions are one for the best words for a cantata, one for the best music to those words, and one for the best military march. In the executive department there will be performances by orchestras of various countries, as well as by orpheonists and choral societies, and several competitions for honors. The preliminaries are being arranged already.

MME, X., a rich Spanish-American Mrs. Leo Hunter, invited Saint-Saëns, the composer, to dinner the other day, and had special invitation cards engraved, announcing that M. Saint-Saëns would play. The composer heard of this indelicacy, but, nevertheless, went to the dinner. No sooner had he arrived than his hostess begged him to play something. "O Madame, before dinner I cannot! I am too hungry!" The hostess returned to the charge after dinner. "Oh, I could not, Madame?" exclaimed the composer, with a mixed expression of horror and of pain. "I have eaten too much!" Madame X, is naturally being pulled to pieces by all her friends whom she invited to hear Saint-Saëns play.

It is not known to every lover of music that Gounod has been a magnificent tenor singer. On the occasion of the first performance of "Faust," which occurred in Paris thirty years ago, the renowned Guardi suddenly withdrew from his ergagement to undertake the chief tenor role, and and Gounod himself volunteered to supply the deficiency. The proposition, however, was not agreeable to M. Carvalho, who intrusted the part to Barbot, a great artist, but wanting in the necessary nerve. Had Gounod's offer been accepted there is no doubt that the masterpiece would have met with a more enthusiastic reception than was accorded to it.

The jailer of the Pueblo county jail, Colorado, permitted one of the prisoners to play the violin evenings. The violinist would scrape his fiddle until a late hour, and one morning recently the jailer discovered that under the cover of the music, four prisoners had sawed off a portion of a window casing, worked a big stone out of place and escaped. They were justified in taking French leave. The law doesn't provide that a prisoner shall be slowly tortured to death and the nine convicts, it is supposed, were not steeped deep enough in crime to bathe their hands in the blood of the fiddler. It is not surprising, either, that the jailer should have mistaken the sawing of the window casing for the prisoner's violin playing.—Norristown Herald.

THE Lelpsic Signale sums up the list of juvenile "prodigies" of the past year. They are little Hofman, aged 9; Celeste Plompare, of Hasselt, aged 8; and Pauline Ellice, aged 11—all three pianists; besides Buchmann, of Lille, and Frederick Kreisler. of Paris—both violinists, and both aged 12; and Anita Mazzoli, of Milan, a "pianist-guitarist," aged 9. The first "prodigy" of the year 1888, is Leopold Godowsky, aged 10, who is said to be an excellent pianist and composer.

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AT@FOLKS**@** using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a h. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa. Peter Tschalkowsky, the eminent Russian composer, just now on a visit in Germany, has met with an enthusiastic reception at a concert recently given by the Leipsic Lisztverein, on which occasion several chamber compositions from his pen—notably a Trio (Op. 50) and a String Quartet in D major—were included in the programme. During the present month the artist wiil produce a number of his own compositions at Berlin. "Tschalkowsky," says a well knowu critic in the Allgemeine Musik Zeitung, "undoubtedly takes the lead in the most modern school of Russian composers, the younger members whereof he distinctly surpasses in clearness and maturity of conception combined with brilliant imaginative powers."

A NOVELTY iu cafes chantants is reported from Paris. It consists of a perfectly dark room adjoining a cafe provided with framed glasses, each about twelve inches square. The spectator sees in the glass a perfect miniature representation of stage, scenery, etc., the singers and dancers appearing to be not more than three or four inches in height. Words, expressions, actions and colors are rendered with the utmost exactitude, the voices being perfectly natural. The spectacle is simply a reduced copy of an actual stage and real performers, caused by an ingenious arrangement of lenses. There are fifty-six framed glasses, each revealing the same scene, so that only that number of persons can be accommodated, each one having a little stage to himself.

THE following programme is that of a concert recently given in Covington, Indiana, by Prof. Benno Gottschling and Mrs. Mertie Ensminger, assisted by local talent, which is spoken of in the highest terms by the local press.

Orchestra. Germans' Triumphal March, Piano Duet, J. Kunkel, Prof. Benno Gottschling and Mrs. Mertie Ensminger, Greeting to Spring, Vocal Quartette, C. D. Wilson, Mrs. Mertie Ensminger, Mrs. A. Burnsides, Misses Ora Burnsides and Kate Hall. Violin Solo, Selected, Wilber Stiwell. The Bugier, Vocal Solo, Ciro Pinsuti, Mr. Albert Burnsides. Mona's Waters, Recitation, Ethel Ensminger. If Thou Didst Love Me, Ballad, L. Denza, Mrs. Mertie Ensminger Vieni al mio sen, H Milard, Vocal Duet, Mrs. Mertie Ensminger and Mrs. A. Burnsides. On Blooming Meadows, Plano Solo, Julie Rive-King, Prof. Benno Gottschling. The Boatswain. Vocal Solo, Molloy, Mr. George F. Hughes. Parla, Vaise Chantée, L. Arditi, Mrs. Mertie Ensminger.

Arditi, Mrs. Mertie Eusminger.

A Society has just constituted itself at Paris "in aid of the development and renovation of the iyrical drama in France and French-speaking countries." It is the ambition of the Society, moreover, to establish a special theatre where composers of progressive tendencies could produce their own works, and where, more especially, "they would have frequent opportunity of studying those leading stage works which have marked out a new path in the development of the modern music and drama." M. Lamoureux has been elected President of the Society, among whose members may also be mentioned MM. Georges Dewal, Albert Dayroles, Louis de Grammont, G. de Labruyère, Catulle Mendés, Georges Street, and Victor Wilder. The proceedings of the new Society, which manifestly owes its origin to the failure of the "Lohengrin" performances at the Eden Theatre some months since, will be followed with some interest by all amateurs.

A FIANO recital and literary entertainment was given at Armour's Hall, Medora, Ill., on Feb. 21st, under the auspices of Mrs. R. Coombs, by Mr. Kroeger, planist, Miss Bertha Westbrook, elocutionist, Mr. R. Middleton, violinist, Mr. J. A. Carson, planist, and the Orphean Club of Greenfield. The following programme was rendered.

1. Introductory Address, Mrs. R. Coombs. 2. Plano Duet, "Suite de Vaises," Kroeger, Messrs. Kroeger and Carson. 3. Recitation, Parrhasius, Miss Westbrook, 4. Plano Solo, Bubbing Spring, Rive-Kinq, Mr. Kroeger, 5. Male Chorus, Orphean Club, a Fareweil thou Lovely Forest Glade, b. Warrior's Joy, Kucken. 6. Plano Solo, Dance of the Eives, Kroeger, Mr. Kroeger, T. Violin Solo, Uocksmith and Mason, Auber, Mr. Middleton. 3. Piano Solo, "Rowing by Moonlight," Bendet, Mr. Kroeger, 9. Recitation, "Tom's Little Star," Miss Westbrook, 10. Plano Solo, "Valse Brilliante," Kroeger, Mr. Kroeger. 11. Violin Solo, "Sounds from Home," Gungl, Mr. Middieton. 12. Plano Duet, "Poet and Peasant," Melnotte, Messrs, Kroeger and Carson.

MR. GEORGE KILGEN of this city has just completed an organ for the Presbyterian Church at Pasadena, Cal., and gave an exhibition of it at his factory (637, 639 and 641 Ewing Avenue) on Feb. 25th, which proved it to be truly a grand instrument. The instrument comprises three Manuals of 58 notes each, and a Pedal of 30 notes, 42 Stops, 2014 Pipes, 10 Praeumatic Combination Pistons and 6 Pedal Movements, Pneumatic Key Action and Couplers.

The Organ is 22 feet wide, 33 feet high, and 12 feet deep, not including Key Boards. Case of Cherry Wood. It will certainly be a King among organs on the Pacific coast. Mr. Kilgen has also been given the contract for the new and magnificent organ to be built for the new Jewish Synagogue, "Temple Israel," whose very elegant building is well nigh completed. This work was competed for by all the organ builders in the country.

THE daily journals report the following interesting legal decision by the Supreme Court of North Carolina, concerning the right of a member of a congregation to sing in church:

the right of a member of a congregation to sing in church:

"In Robeson county, a man was indicted for disturbing religious worship—a grave misdemeanor in the old 'North State.' He is a member of a Methodist Church, and persisted in joining in the singing, notwithstanding the fact that he put everybody else out. It was shown in the lower court that his singing was in the nature of a disturbance, for the reason that it caused one-half of the congregation to laugh and to make the other half very angry, the frivolous and irreligious enjoying it as fun.

"It was also shown that the pastor was so vexed that he declined to give out any hymns, and that the Presiding Elder had declined to conduct services in the church at all. The defendant, when put upon the stand in his own behalf, said that he was a conscientious singer, and that, although he knew his voice was not musical, his conscience reproved him if he did not sing every time a church song was raised. The judge, nevertheless, charged the jury that it was a disturbance of religious services in the meaning of the statute, and the defendant was convicted. He took an appeal to the Supreme Court, which has rendered the opinion that though a 'conscientious' singer may disturb others, such disturbance is not an indictable offense. The action of the lower court was reversed, and the defendant retires the victor in this singular legal contest."

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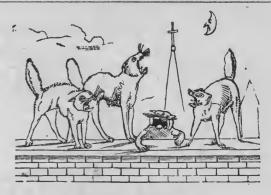


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COMICAL CHORDS.

A TAILOR in this city stamped upon his bill-heads a picture of the forget-me-not.

THE cold-wave flag carries a black lozenge in the center. This is for bronchitis.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music, and much of the plane kind, comes by the pound.

"Will you name the bones of the skull?" "I've got them all in my head, professor, but can't give them."

THERE may be objections to the chimney sweeper's calling, but it soots those who follow it.—Boston Courter.

THE easiest way to mark table linen—Leave a baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

CHICAGO will bore for natural gas. She ought to find it very near the top. The surface indications are immense.—Buffalo Express.

HELEN—"Mamma what is a casus bellif"
Mother—"My child, never speak of anything so indelicate!
It is the Latin for stomach-ache."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teacher (to the bright boy of the class): "Johnnie, how did Elijah die?" Johnnie—"He didn't die. He was translated from the original Hebrew."

"SANDY, what is the state of religion in your town?"
"Bad, sir, very bad. There are no Christians except Davis
and myself, and I have many doubts about Davis."

A LITTLE girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed mustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has smellers, too."

"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?"
"A clothes-line, papa."
"Prove it. my son."
"Because it stretches from pole to pole."

Wife-"Oh, doctor, Benjamin seems to be wandering in his mind."

Doctor (who knows Benjamin)—"Don't trouble about that; he can't go far."

"And what did the doctor say?"
"He said de chile had a 'tack uv arrysliplas."
"Arrysliplas! I allus said dat chile would hab trouble wif
his ears some day."

GIBBS—"So the man was killed at the hotel was he?"
Squibbs—"Yes; shot right in the rotunda."
Gibbs—"Great Scott! No wonder it killed him. That's a
terrible place to hit a man."

"Do you dawnce the lawncers, Dr. Brown?"
"No, I do not dawnce the lawncers,
But when the dawncers' health breaks down,
I sometimes lawnce the dawncers."

He sang with vigor, he sang it each day,
"I would not live always, I ask not to stay."
But when with a fever and chills taken down,
He quickly had in all the doctors in town.

—Boston Courier.

Brown—"Hello, Smith! Heard about Jones' wife catching him kissing another woman in a dark alley?" Smith—"Great Scott! You don't say so! What did she do?" Brown—"Sued him for alley-money."

"Do you love me?"
"With all my soul, I swear it."
"Nay, do not swear. Speak it into the phonograph, and that will be enough."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A STUMP orator exclaimed, "I know no North, no South, no East, no West, fellow-citizens!" "Then," exclaimed an old farmer in the crowd, "it's time you went to school and learnt jography."

"JOHNNIE," said the editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school?" "No." replied the youngster, who had studied the paternal sheet, "I am registered as second-class mail matter."

"WHAT'S your occupation, Bub?" asked a resident at the Capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be page in the House. "I am running for Congress, sir," he replied.

"Mamma, the Fritz lets me no place in the bed!" "No place? Will he then more than the half have?" "That not, mamma, but he wants his half in the middle of the bed, and I upon both sides must lie."—From the German.

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A MODERN philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. "A man," he says, "is often attached to an old hat; but who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

Physician (to patient)—"Your case is a very serious one' sir, and I think a consultation had better be held."
Patient (too sick to care for anything)—"Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."

MR. DACY—"Mary Ann!"
Miss Flynn—"Pfwhat is it, Conn Dacy?"
Mr. Dacy—"Doan' ye t'ink Father McGrath ud be gettin'
lonesome wid th' slathers o' funerals an' no weddin's he's bin
havin' at th' choorch lately?"—Puck.

SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher—"Yes, children, after work comes rest; and if we do our work faithfully and well, we shall find rest a sweet relief. Now, tell me, scholars, what is it that your fathers most desire when they return home from their labors, worn and wearv? Tell me, what do they want most?" Class (vociferously)—"Beer."

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband a few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you started to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but—"" "Well, Alfred, your mother made that very ple, and sent it to me."

LITTLE Stuart had spent his first day at school.
"What did you learn?" was his auntie's question.
"Didn't learn anything."
"Well, what did you do?"
"Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell 'cat' and after she bothered some time I told her."

THE following testimonial from a lady, says an exchange, has been left at this office, for sale, by a dealer in patent medicines: "Dear Doctor, I will say that, while suffering from severe bachache, I took my purse in my hand and went out to buy one of your plasters. I met a street-thief on the corner and was relieved at once. You can use this for what it is worth."

Hard on the M. D.'s.—While making a professional call this morning on a little child, the grandmother, who has great faith in doctors, as I know from past experience, was telling of a remedy used as a poultice by some lady twenty-five years ago with success, and then added, innocently: "I guess she did not doctor much, anyway, for she is alive yet."—Boston Globe.

Fogg is a compassionate creature. Seeing (and hearing, alas!) on the street, the other day, a blind fiddler sawing away on an instrument which certainly was not a Stradivarius, Fogg stopped to speak with the itinerant musician.

"And so you are blind?" he began.

"Yes, sir," replied the violinist, stopping midway between two ear-splitting scrapes.

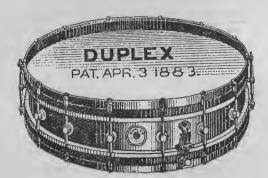
"But you are not deaf?"

"Oh, no, not at all. My hearing is excellent."

"Poor man!" exclaimed Fogg, putting a quarter into the other's hand; "you must be a great sufferer. Here, take this. I wish it was more."—Boston Transcript.

No name is better and more pleasantly and widely known than that of Mr. J. A. Pozzoni. For years he has made himself famous by the elegant perfumes and complexion powder that bears his name, the latter having found its way to the belies of Paris, Germany and London. Everybody admires beauty in ladies. Nothing will do more to produce or enhance it than a use or Mr. Pozzoni's preparations.

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It is a known fact that the snarehead of a drum, in order to respond to the slightest touch of the stick, should be very thin and have much less ten sion than the tough batterhead. To accomplish this was a problem, which remained unsolved until we invented our Duplex Drum, the heads of which are tightened separately.

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